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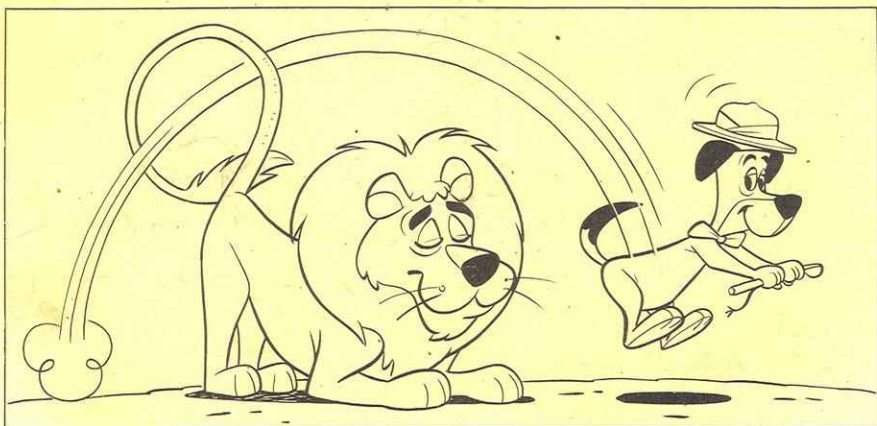
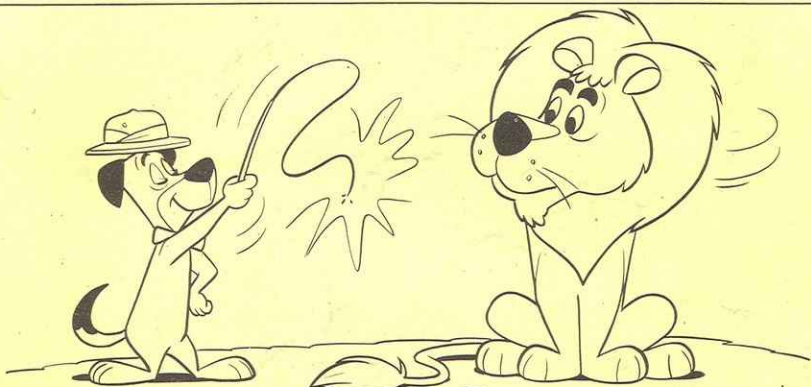
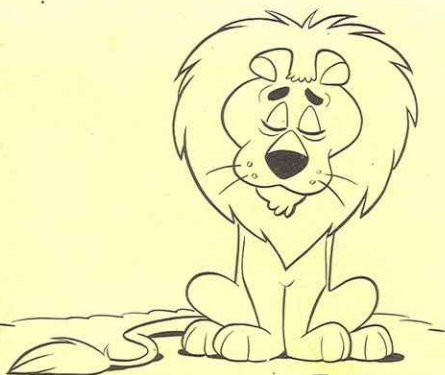
Hanna-Barbera

Huckleberry Hound



Huckleberry Hound

LOOPY LEAPER



Hanna-Barbera *Huckleberry Hound*

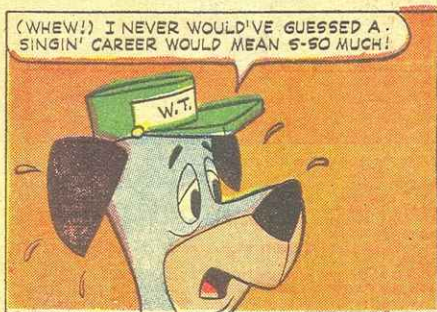
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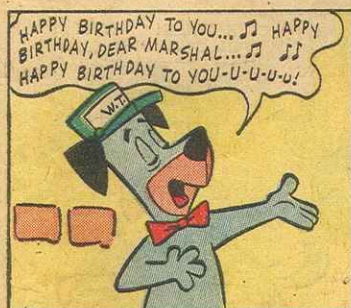


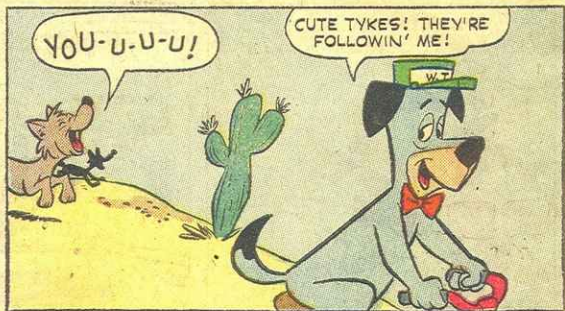
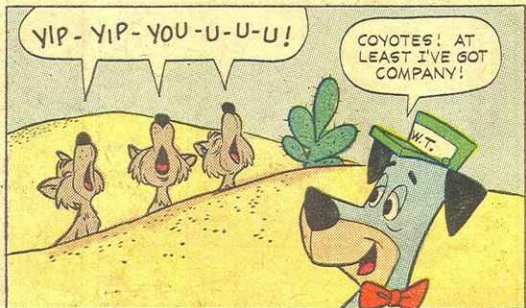
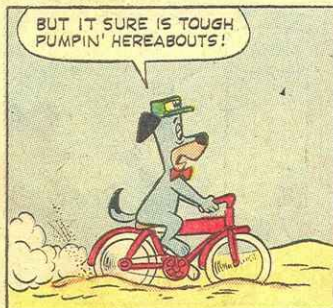
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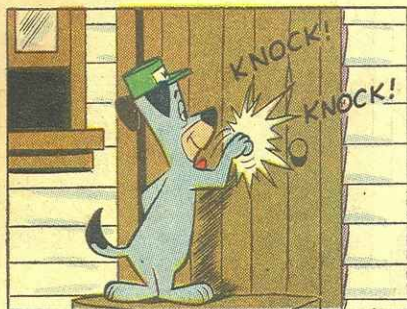


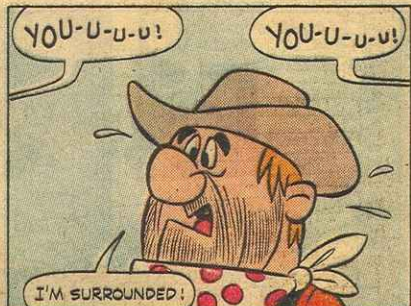
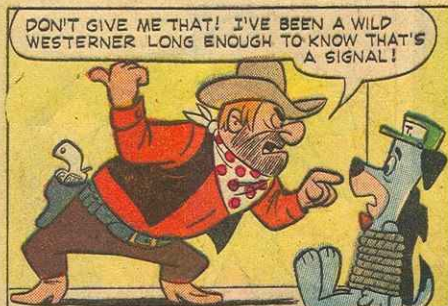
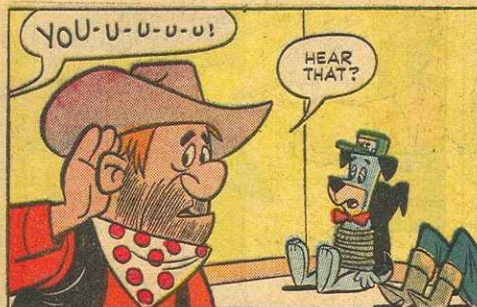


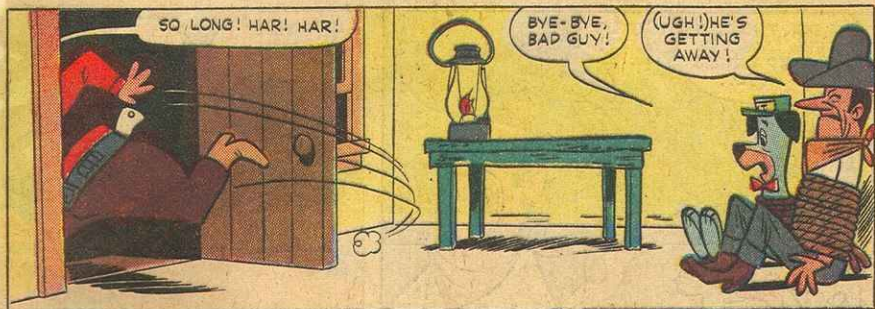


AND A LONG HOWL LATER...





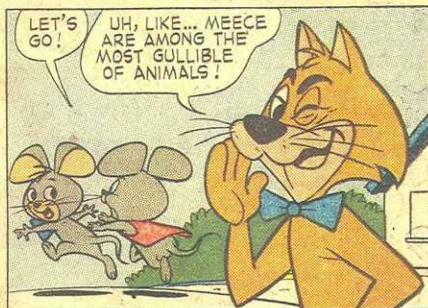


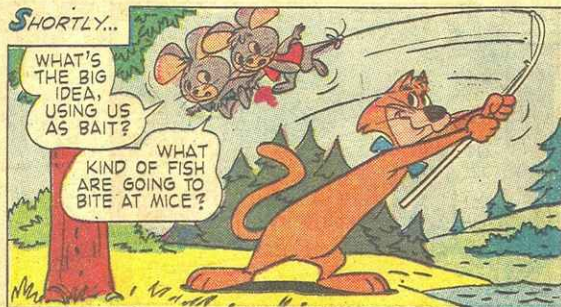




Hanna-Barbera

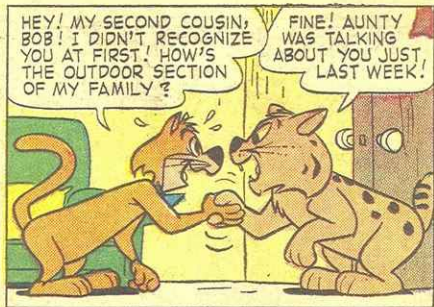
PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS FIFTY-FIFTY FELINE





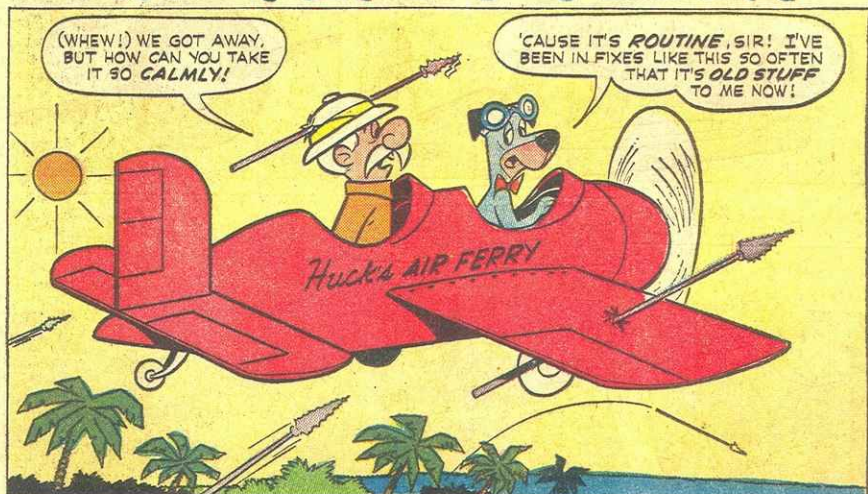








Hanna-Barbera *Huckleberry Hound*
AIR FERRY FELLA



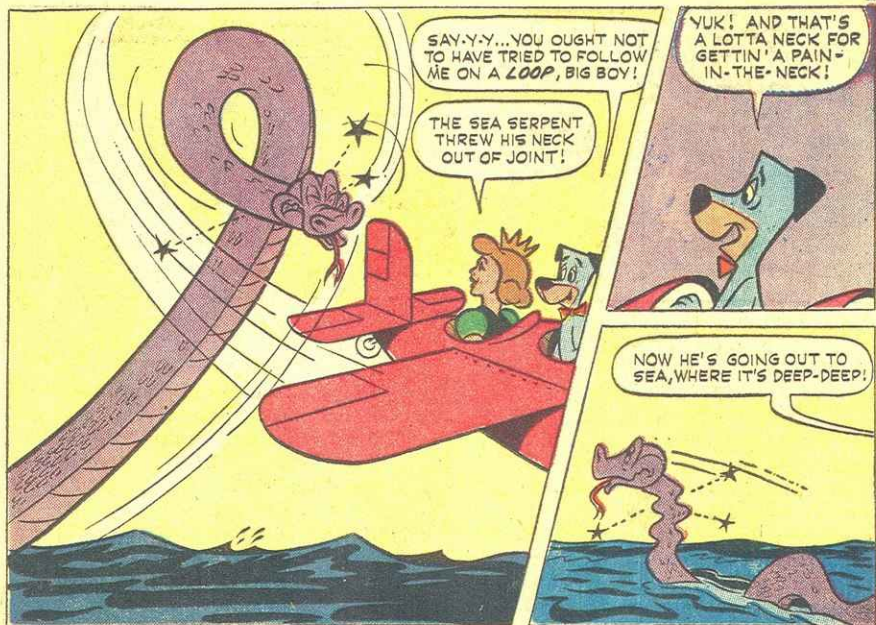
AND BACK AT HOME BASE...











SAY-Y-Y...YOU OUGHT NOT TO HAVE TRIED TO FOLLOW ME ON A **LOOP**, BIG BOY!

THE SEA SERPENT THREW HIS NECK OUT OF JOINT!

YUK! AND THAT'S A LOTTA NECK FOR GETTIN' A PAIN-IN-THE-NECK!

NOW HE'S GOING OUT TO SEA, WHERE IT'S DEEP-DEEP!



BLOORP!

I HAVE A FEELING HE'LL **STAY DEEP DOWN**, HEREAFTER!

THEN WE CAN USE **BOATS** AGAIN!

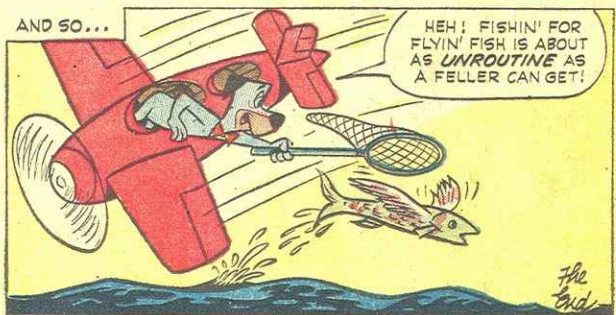


AND YOU DESERVE TO TAKE A VACATION, HEROIC HOUND! GO FISHING!

SAY, MAYBE THAT'S MY PROBLEM...I NEED A CHANGE FROM MY ROUTINE JOB!



GOSH! BUT WHAT IF GOING **FISHING** GETS TO BE **ROUTINE**, TOO? HMM...

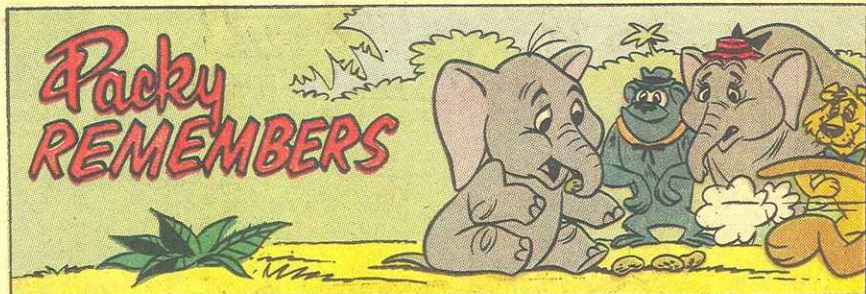


AND SO...

HEH! FISHIN' FOR FLYIN' FISH IS ABOUT AS **UNROUTINE** AS A FELLER CAN GET!

The End

Packy REMEMBERS



The day of the big jungle festival had come at last! All of the animals had gathered for exciting games and fun. And now it was time for the jungle youngsters' parade.

Little Packy Pachyderm's mother and father waited eagerly with the other proud parents. At last, the parade started... led by the lions, followed by panthers, zebras, monkeys — and then the elephants. One by one, they passed by, each grasping the tail of the elephant ahead. And then, it seemed, the parade ended... no more elephants, no more animals, but worst of all, no Packy!

"Oh, where is he?" Packy's mother cried.

"Where's the rest of the parade?" shrielled other mothers. "Where's my child?"

Just as the anxious crowd started to move, little Packy stepped out of the brush, leading the rest of the parade.

"There they are!" the crowd applauded.

But Packy's mother sighed, "I suppose Packy forgot to hang on to the elephant ahead and got left behind."

"He's ruined the whole parade," moaned Father Pachyderm, as little Packy led the others in a run to catch up.

"Ha, ha," laughed the crowd. "Ho, ho!"

"That stupid forgetful Packy should never have been allowed to march," growled one of the mothers. Others quickly agreed, taunting and teasing little Packy, as the parade broke up.

"Never mind, son," his mother soothed. "You'll remember next time... the peanut race is starting. You can win that."

Packy joined the race and got set to run with his peanuts — and then, as the race started, he forgot to run! The peanuts smelled so good, he just sat down and ate them — to the very last one!

"Oh, Packy," wailed his mother.

"I don't mean to forget," Packy cried.

"I know," his mother said. "Only —"

"Only all the other elephants have good memories," finished Packy. "And," he added, "I'm a disgrace to the family."

"Indeed, you are not!" Mrs. Pachyderm denied. "You're just a little forgetful — and that's no disgrace. Now, go and play."

But Packy didn't feel like playing. Instead, he started sadly down the path toward home. And then, suddenly, his front foot slipped, poking through a hole in the path! But the path leading to his home had no holes in it! Packy had forgotten again... this time, he had forgotten the way home!

Then Packy peered into the hole. A yawning pit lay below! And the path, Packy discovered, was not a path at all! It was a fake, made of sticks covered with dirt!

And, then, just when Packy needed to most, he remembered! His parents had told him about such pits... this was a trap!

Trumpeting his fear, Packy quickly ran back to the crowd. Hastily, all the other elephants followed him to the pit, some disbelieving. And just as hastily, they destroyed the hated trap.

The danger over, one elephant asked, "How did you happen to find this, Packy?"

"Er —" Packy said, "I was going home —"

"Going home!" exclaimed his mother.

"Yes," answered Packy, "but I guess I forgot which way was home."

"And it's a good thing you did," trumpeted a big lead elephant. "You saved our lives today. Come," he added, "we're going to have a real celebration — for Packy!"

"My little son," whispered Packy's mother tenderly. "I'm so proud of you."

Hanna-Barbera *HOKEY and DING-A-LING*
NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

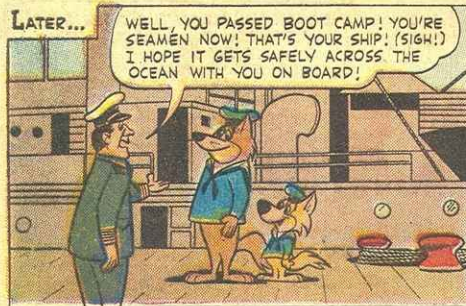












BUT THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN AND WOLVES AND FOXES OFTEN GO ASTRAY...

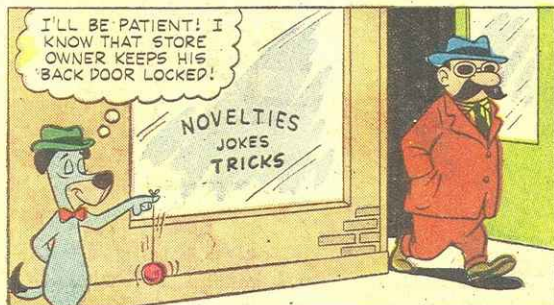


THE END

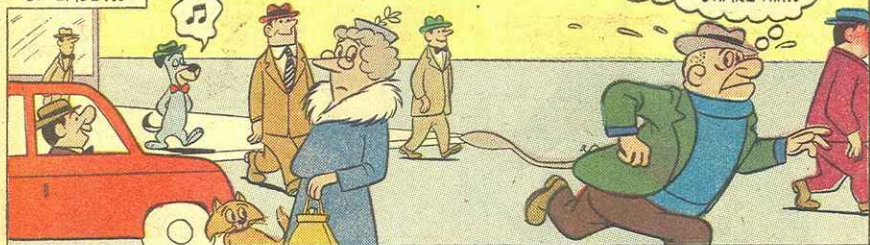
Hanna-Barbera *Huckleberry Hound*

TAIL THAT MAN





AND SURE ENOUGH, HUCK IS NOW ABLE TO "TAIL" HIS MAN WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...



WELL, FOOEY! MY MOTTO IS, IF YOU CAN'T **SHAKE** HIM...



TAKE HIM!

OOPS! I'M TAKEN!



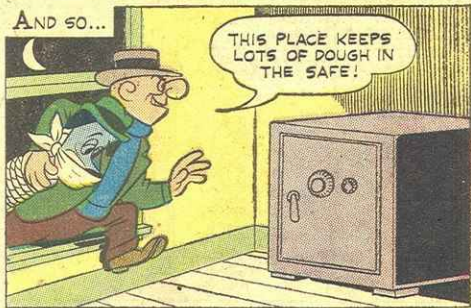
MMPHT!

HAR! HAR! YOU'RE GOING ON MY NEXT JOB WITH ME, NOSY!



AND SO...

THIS PLACE KEEPS LOTS OF DOUGH IN THE SAFE!



SIT DOWN, HOUND! THIS WILL TAKE TIME!

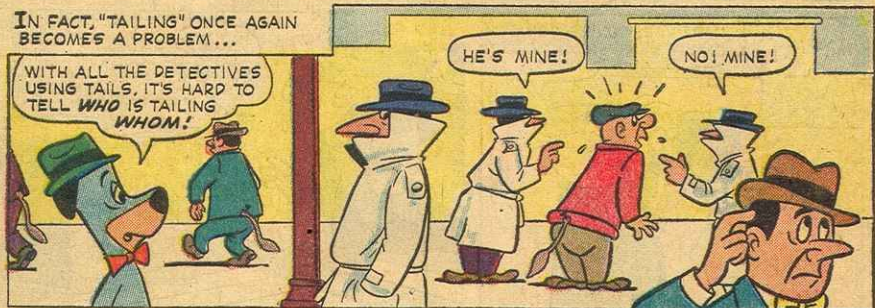


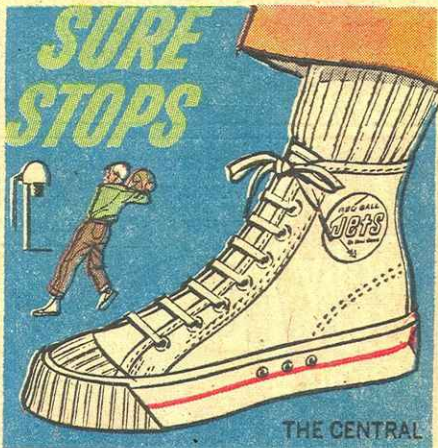
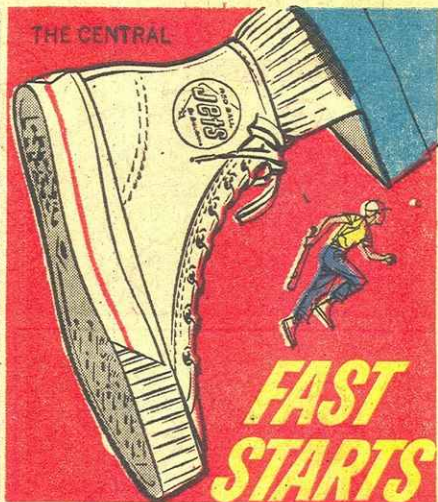
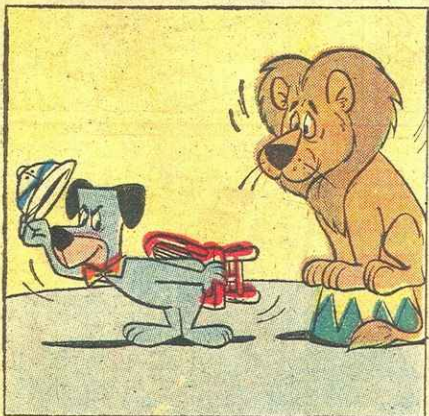
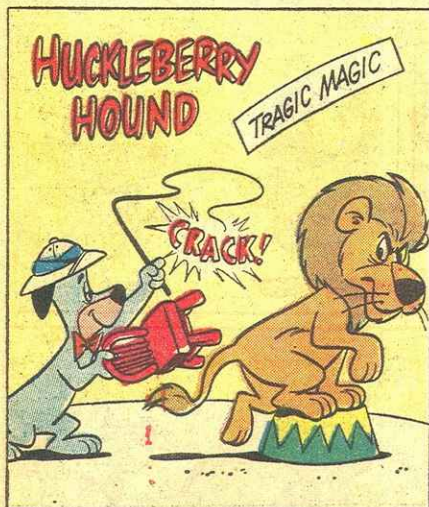
NOW I'LL JUST SIT DOWN, TOO, AND...





IN FACT, "TAILING" ONCE AGAIN BECOMES A PROBLEM...



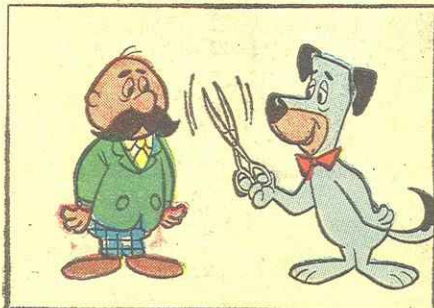
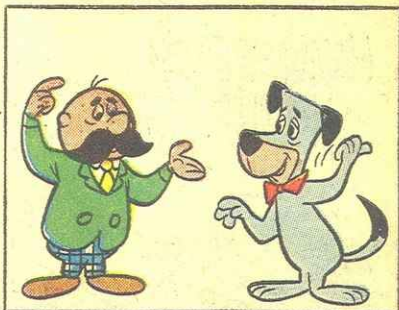
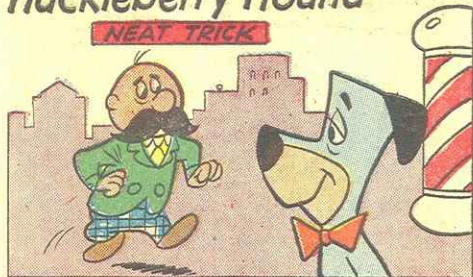


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Huckleberry Hound

NEAT TRICK



Meet
Tubby,
the
Whale

LET ME SPOUT YOU A QUESTION—
HAVE YOU TRIED **TUBBLE**—
THE NEW FUN BUBBLE SOAP?

POUR UNDER RUNNING
WATER—AND YOU'LL SAY,
"LOOK MOM, I'M IN TUBBLE!"

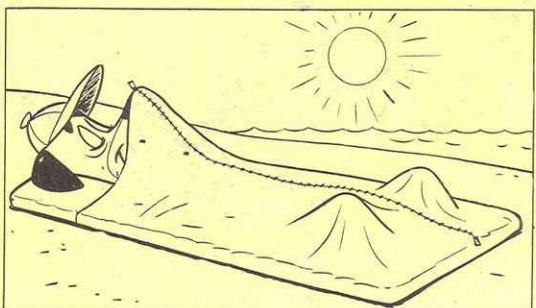
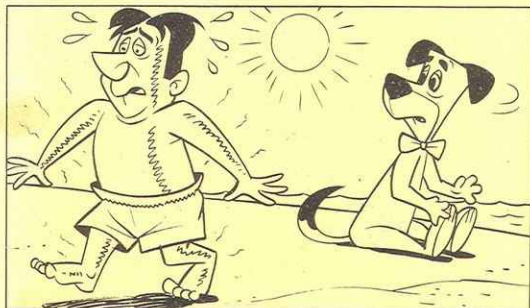
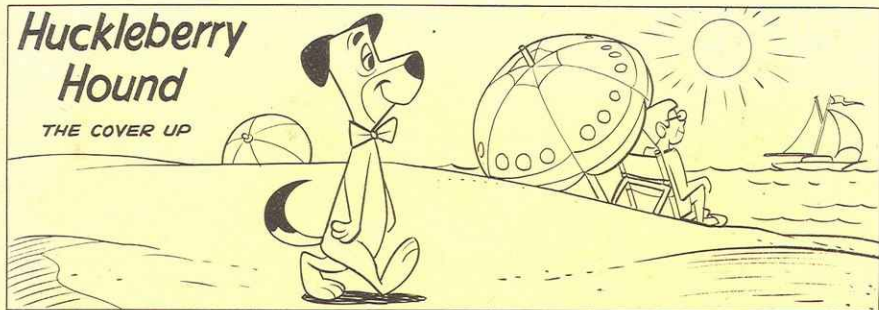
TUBBLE WASHES YOU CLEAN
AS IT BUB-BUB-BUBBLES!

WON'T STING
YOUR EYES,
NEVER LEAVES
A BATHTUB RING!
AND WHAT A
WHALE OF A
LOT OF FUN!

3 COLORS IN THE 6-PACK OR NEW 9-PACK
LOOK FOR
TUBBY
THE WHALE

Huckleberry Hound

THE COVER UP



Hanna-Barbera

Huckleberry Hound

UNDERCOVER CANINE

